

Miss Sprightly. And it has made me wicked too; but, indeed, Mademoiselle, I have a great deal of vanity still, and it has made me commit a great fault since I saw you last. I'll tell it before all these ladies, that they may shame me out of it.

Mademoiselle. You are in the right, my dear. The best method to amend our faults is to confess them. Let us hear then what you have done.

Miss Sprightly. We were yesterday at my lady D—'s assembly. This lady is pretty old, for she has got children: she asked me how I spent my time. I am reading Quintus Curtius, answered I. What is Quintus Curtius, said this lady? O! said I, it is a very fine book, in which is the life of Alexander the Great. She said, I do not remember any king of England, whose name was Alexander the Great; and yet, when I was young, I learned by heart the abridgment of the History of England; but really I have forgot it. Instead of making a reply to what this lady said, Mademoiselle, I made
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a pretence to blow my nose, and put my handkerchief before my face, to hold my laughing at her stupidity; and I have been in company several times since, and have told every body of the ignorance of that lady, who had never heard speak of Alexander.

Mademoiselle. Indeed, my dear, you have been guilty of a very great fault; don't you think you have done this lady a great deal of injury?

Miss Sprightly. Yes, Mademoiselle; but when I was guilty of this folly, it was not with a design to do her any injury; but only to feed my own vanity, by making every body think that I was a girl of sense, and had read a great deal.

Mademoiselle. I assure you, my dear, they would not think any such thing. We have this morning made a visit to Lady B—. You know that she is a very sensible woman. What a wicked girl, says she, is that, Miss Sprightly! yesterday she took pleasure in laughing at poor
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